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The Charles Viewer

2016

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A Note from the Editors

Dear Fisher College Community,

We are delighted to bring you the spring 2016 edition of *The Charles Viewer*. Contained herein are works of art, poetry, and prose from six creative students who believe in the importance of artistic expression as a means to convey ideas and images that challenge, question, and reflect elements and attitudes of contemporary culture. We hope you enjoy the contributions that grace these pages.

We express our gratitude to Dr. Thomas McGovern, President of Fisher College; Dr. Dean Walton, Division Chair of Liberal Arts & Sciences; Dr. Lisa N. Jackson, Director of Student Activities; and Chereva McClellan, Assistant Director of Student Activities. Without their support, this publication could not exist.

Sincerely,

The Charles Viewer Editorial Staff

Susan Metz

Youssra Abdelmonem

Plenary Shah

Israel Rodriguez

Dr. John Martino, Faculty Advisor

Arto-tan: Official Muse

of *The Charles Viewer*

Susan Metz

Artist Introduction

Hi there! My name is Susan, and this is my small collection of art for *The Charles Viewer*. I really enjoy this club and love getting the chance to express my own artistic creations and forms of expression. Unfortunately, my tools of the trade are a bit limited.

I am an artist who only draws in pen (or pencil, if I have to), and uses a computer mouse and MS Paint for digital creations. I have been working at this for many years, so my skills have definitely improved, but it still looks a bit simple since I don't have advanced programs like Paint Tool Sai or Photoshop. But I can free-hand with a mouse! Not too many people can say that.

Please enjoy my small collection of art, sketches, and finished/unfinished projects.

Susan Metz

My Lame Face

Susan Metz

Fisher Pride (Outline)

Susan Metz

Fisher Pride (Finished)

Susan Metz

Sketch Dump I

Susan Metz

Sketch Dump II

Susan Metz

My Fursona

Susan Metz

Red Velvet

Susan Metz

Artist Introduction

My motto is: "We are born to fulfill a mission in life." My mission is to “contaminate,” in a positive way, the world and my fellow peers with my creativity. I want to be a better person by acknowledging the thoughts and ideas of others. I believe I can change the world with my creative art skills one thought at a time.

Israel Rodríguez

Horned Skull

Israel Rodríguez

Daisy

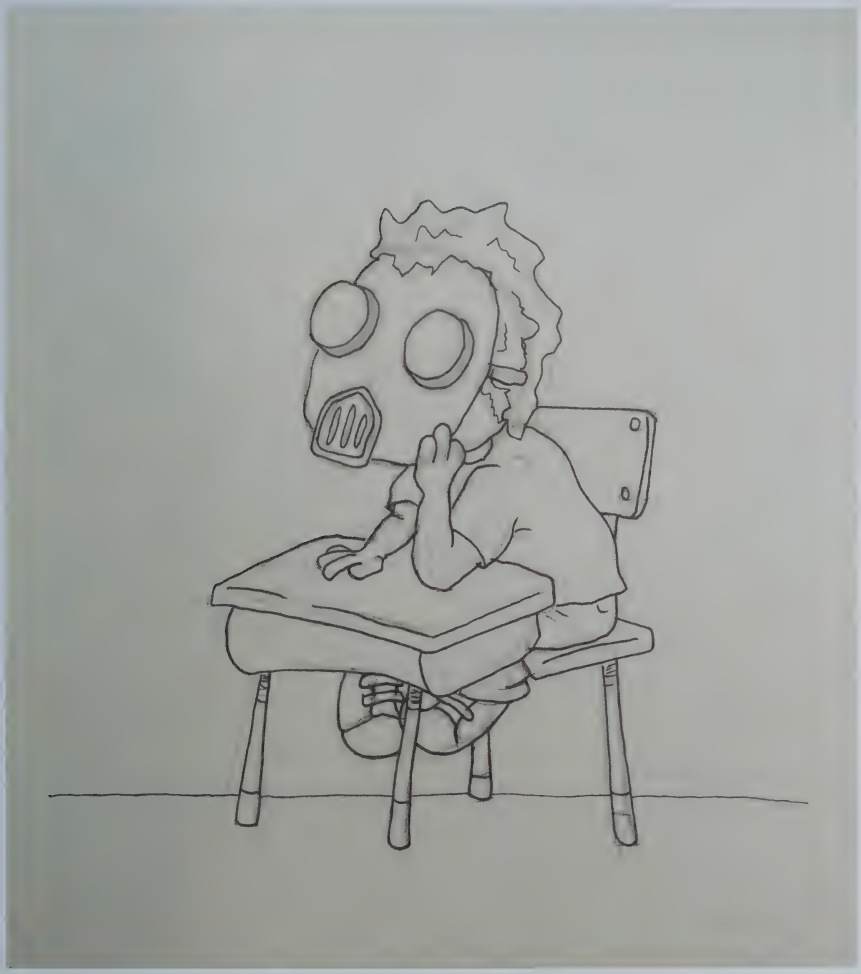
Israel Rodríguez

Toxic Daisy

Israel Rodríguez

Under the Rain

Israel Rodríguez



Undergrad (Sketch)

Israel Rodríguez

Contaminating Ideas

Israel Rodríguez

Bugging

Israel Rodríguez

Artist Introduction

As a senior of the Bachelor of Science in Management at Fisher College, I look forward to transforming my education into a professional career. Yet beyond my career goals, I will always hold my love of music and writing closest to my heart. Born in Boston to a young Egyptian couple, my love of poetry and singing stems from a culture of creativity: between Egypt's history of dramatic musicals and my own background in chorus. In this way, my writing is a reflection of my feelings as I write what I have lived and live to keep writing.

Youssra Abdelmonem

Denote

This empty desk is filled with many things
Saving space for the burdens I am carrying
But the straps of my boots are undone
    And there are no seats left for me to sit on
Then just when I think I am exercising
    I see the stairs are just as tired as me
Without printing my signal is going weak
    Further echoing that creaking noise
    Yet whether it's from me is unknown
Sighing, that even at my fastest speeds
    The seconds it takes to get just one thing I need
    Turns my energy into fatigue
Note-talking, Re-balds, Abound, Cope Retention
    My answers are as short as my breaths
    However, I've forgotten what I meant to say again
I think it was –
Note-taking Revolves Around Comprehension
    Yet the only thing I have come to understand
    Is just how tired I am.

Youssra Abdelmonem

Blank Paper

Struggling to begin again
Yet only moving backwards
The lesson is learned
That spinning is more than circles
    Then, how will I ever move forward—
When nothing can change the past
When I ask the same questions
Yet each time is a different answer
So, the lesson is lost
Then the mountain only gets higher
    Then, how will I find what I need—
When nothing seems to be the same
While I hope for something more
Yet I can't decide the direction
The lesson is gone
There is nothing else to say
When nothing seems to be going my way
    How will I meet my needs

Youssra Abdelmonem

Fall & Spring

Beyond that bellowing wind of
Howling words ringing in my ears
Breathless yet still talking clearly
Louder than the thunder
My panel of judges
Should only be these textbooks
That I've sat and read for hours
Practicing every problem in dread
Reviewing every word until my eyes are tired
Solving the same thing over and over again
Waiting until the results to rest
Washing my face to rinse away my exhaustion
Then repeating it all again until the fall has come to an end

Youssra Abdelmonem

Priorities

There is a paper
Which means the world to me
Because this is the only thing I see
It's the apple of my eye
That began with a shiny apple at a time
When I was small, when chorus was the only way
To get my voice heard
Yet, I think of this apple everyday—
Though it may not be a recipe for success
It is a representation of myself
To show my efforts no matter how much I stress
So I will always treasure it nonetheless
It's more than a measure of its words
Its characters are engraved into my chords
It's more than its simple frame
It's something that will always remain
It's the window into my soul
A college degree that means so much more

Youssra Abdelmonem

Promise

Promises are not always kept

But it doesn't mean it promises the end

It's just another way to find amends

To fix the things I lend

Before I turn life's river bend

Promises are not always understood

But it doesn't mean you are not dear

It's just another way to hear

What others have to say—mere

Words whose meanings are unclear

Promises are not always meant

But it doesn't mean I will pretend

It's just another way to send

Away all my fears and mend

The broken ends

Youssra Abdelmonem

On the Clock

'Can't talk right now,

I am on the clock'

Literally—standing on this picture

Of everything I wanted to see

A chalk abstract on the sidewalk

Of three dimensions

Each of which I only wish I could take

To be able to turn in any direction

Move at my own pace

This smile on my face is real,

Though, 'Unbelievable!' is what I exclaim—

Yellow and green doorways,

Stairs with a blue shade

The hands of the clock

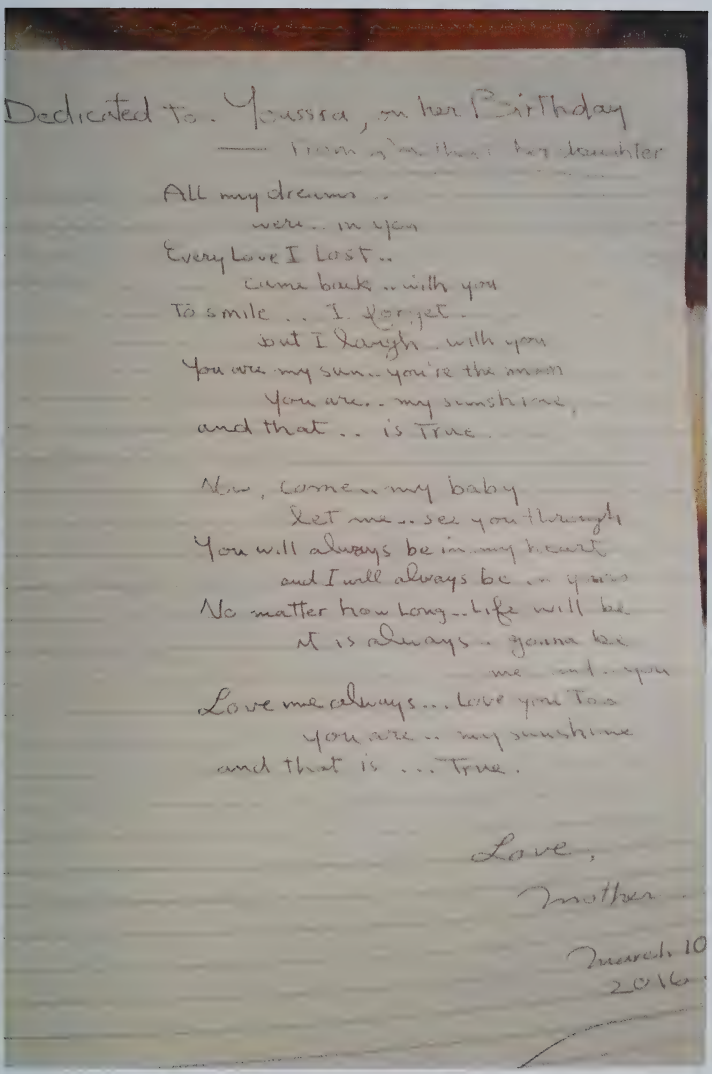
Pointing the way

Everywhere at anytime

Infinity

That I wish was mine

Youssra Abdelmonem



Dedicated To. Youssra, on her Birthday
—— from [illegible] her daughter

All my dreams ..
were .. in you
Every Love I Lost ..
came back .. with you
To smile .. I forget ..
but I laugh .. with you
You are my sun .. you're the moon
You are .. my sunshine,
and that .. is True.

Now, come .. my baby
Let me .. see you through
You will always be in my heart
and I will always be .. in you
No matter how long .. life will be
It is always .. gonna be
me and .. you
Love me always .. Love you Too
You are .. my sunshine
and that is ... True.

Love,
Mother

March 10
2016

Youssra Abdelmonem

Artist Introduction

Once when I was three years old, I came across an art subject in my nursery school. After classes that day, I found a crayon in my pocket. I pulled it out and started drawing on the living room wall in my house. I enjoyed the view of color on the white wall. That's when I realized my interest in illustration. My major inspiration has been my surroundings. As I was born and raised in India, I have always been encircled by people, nature, good music and religious culture. These surroundings can be seen as a direct and indirect inspiration in my artwork. I am Plenary Shah; currently I am pursuing my associate's degree in fashion merchandising at Fisher College. After coming to Boston, the fast, yet peaceful culture here has motivated me to work on fashion-related art works.

Color Wheel

Plenary Shah

Bodycon Dress

Plenary Shah

Agni

Plenary Shah

Temple Ceiling

Plenary Shah

Life Begins at the End

Plenary Shah

Ishan

Plenary Shah

Arjun Kapoor

Plenary Shah

What Will You Do If You Only Have One More Day to Live?

They said we will never know what will happen tomorrow. To me, it is true. And what will you do if you only have one more day to live? Well, we may not think about this, but what will you do if you know it?

The answer depends on different circumstances and people's perspective. To me, if I have only one more day to live, I will spend the first half of the day with my family. Family means my mother, father, sister, and brother. I will cook a big meal so everybody can gather and enjoy those happy moments together. Then, for the rest of the day, when I know that there are a couple more hours and I have to say goodbye to this world, I want to hold the hand of the man I love until I close my eyes forever. Some may be against me: Why not my family instead of the man I love? Don't you love your family?

I love my family. My parents gave birth to me. They love me unconditionally. If I went outside and did something wrong, the world might turn its back on me, but my family would open their arms as big as they can to welcome me back. I never feel scared to face my fear alone when I am with them. There is no drama there. Nevertheless, they cannot go with me until the end of my life. They can only hold my hand for a little while before I grow up and learn how to be responsible for my own life. In this field, there will be lots of problems and troubles they could not even help me to solve. They can only look at me and wish they could share what I suffer, or give me a shoulder, a hug if necessary. Also, they need time to enjoy their lives because they have spent their whole lives to raise me and take care of me.

Thanh Nguyen

Some grow up and choose to be single. Some want to get married. It is good to be single, but it is better not to face all your fears alone. Having a hand to hold through the darkness of someone who will stay when life gets worse, someone who will listen when the feelings you hold are precious. And yes, the man who will stay, who loves me more than everything he has in his life, who will never leave even if lots of incidents happen, who will be my children's father—I want to hold his hand until the end of my life.

My friends will understand why I do not spend time with them if I have one more day to live. I do not have to wait until I have one more day to live to treat them right or spend time with them if on normal days I treat them badly. Friends are those whom I will choose to become my second family. They will be in a special place in my heart. When the last day happens to me, I want them to understand I have to spend it with people who are close to me.

Growing up means you have to take care of yourself and face lots of things smartly and patiently. Growing up also means you will be responsible for what happens in your life. Having someone to hold your hand is better than facing all your fears alone. In conclusion, I want to dedicate the last day of my life to my family—the ones who gave birth to me and raised me—and to the one with whom I will build a relationship in the future.

Thanh Nguyen